

# PROLOGUE

## To a NEW PLAY, Call'd, The Disappointment:

O R,

## The Mother in Fashion.

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

**H**OW comes it, Gentlemen, that now aday's  
When all of you so shrewdly judge of Plays,  
Our Poets tax you still with want of Sence?  
All Prologues treat you at your own Expence.  
Sharp Citizens a wiser way can go;  
They make you Fools, but never call you so.  
They, in good Manners, seldom make a Slip,  
But, Treat a Common Whore with Ladyship:  
But here each sawcy Wit at Random writes,  
And uses Ladies as he use's Knights.  
Our Author, Young, and Grateful in his Nature,  
Vow's, that from him no Nymph deserves a Satyr.  
Nor will he ever Draw—I mean his Rhime,  
Against the sweet Partaker of his Crime.  
Nor is he yet so bold an Undertaker  
To call MEN Fools, 'tis Railing at their MAKER.  
Besides, he fears to split upon that Shelf;  
He's young enough to be a FOPP himself.  
And, if his Praise can bring you all A-bed,  
He swears such hopeful Youth no Nation ever bred.

Your Nurfes, we presume, in such a Case,  
Your Father chose, because he lik'd the Face;  
And, often, they supply'd your Mothers place.  
The Dry Nurse was your Mothers ancient Maid,  
Who knew some former Slip she ne're betray'd.  
Betwixt 'em both, for Milk and Sugar Candy,  
Your sucking Bottles were well stor'd with Brandy.  
Your Father to initiate your Discourse  
Meant to have taught you first to Swear and Curse;  
But was prevented by each careful Nurse.  
For, leaving Dad and Mam, as Names too common,  
They taught you certain parts of Man and Woman.  
I pass your Schools, for there when first you came,  
You wou'd be sure to learn the Latin name.  
In Colledges you scorn'd their Art of thinking,  
But learn'd all Moods and Figures of good Drinking:  
Thence, come to Town you practise Play, to know  
The Vertues of the High Dice, and the Low.  
Each thinks himself a SHARPER most profound:  
He cheats by Pence; is cheated by the Pound:  
With these Perfections, and what else he Gleans,  
The SPARK sets up for Love behind our Scenes;  
Not in pursuit of Princesses and Queens.  
There, if they know their Man, with cunning Carriage,  
Twenty to one but it concludes in Marriage.  
He hires some Homely Room, Love's Fruits to gather,  
And, Garret-high, Rebels against his Father.  
But he once dead—  
Brings her in Triumph, with her Portion down,  
A Twillet, Dressing-Box, and Half a Crown.  
Some Marry first, and then they fall to Scowring,  
Which is, Refining Marriage into Whoring.

Our



Our Women batten well on their good Nature,  
 All they can rap and rend for the dear Creature.  
 But while abroad so liberal the D O L T is,  
 Poor SPOUSE at Home as Ragged as a Colt is.  
 Last, some there are, who take their first Degrees  
 Of Lewdness, in our Middle Galleries :  
 The Doughty BULLIES enter Bloody Drunk,  
 Invade and grubble one another's P U N K :  
 They Caterwaul, and make a dismal Rout,  
 Call SONS of WHORES, and strike, but ne're lugg-out:  
 Thus while for *Paultry Punk* they roar and stickle,  
 They make it *Bawdier* than a CONVENTICLE.

---

# EPILOGUE

BY ANOTHER HAND.

**Y**OU saw our Wife was Chaste, yet throughly try'd,  
 And, without doubt, y'are hugely edify'd ;  
 For, like our Heroe, whom we shew'd to day,  
 You think no Woman true, but in a Play ;  
 Love once did make a pretty kind of Show,  
 Esteem and Kindness in one Breast wou'd grow, }  
 But 'twas Heav'n knows how many years ago.  
 Now some small Chatt, and Guinney Expectation,  
 Gets all the pretty Creatures in the Nation :  
 In Comedy, your Little Selves you meet ;  
 'Tis *Covent-Garden*, drawn in *Bridges-street*.  
 Smile on our Author then, if he has shewn,  
 A jolly Nut-brown Bastard of your own.  
 Ah ! Happy you, with Ease and with Delight,  
 Who act those Follies, Poets toil to write !  
 The sweating Muse does almost leave the Chace,  
 She puffs, and hardly keeps your *Protean* Vices pace.  
 Pinch you but in one Vice, away you fly  
 To some new Frisk of Contrariety.  
 You rowle like Snow-Balls, gathering as you run,  
 And get seven Dev'ls, when dispossest'd of one.  
 Your *Venus* once was a *Platonique* Queen,  
 Nothing of Love beside the Face was seen ;  
 But every Inch of Her you now Uncale,  
 And clap a Vizard-Masque upon the Face.  
 For Sins like these, the Zealous of the Land,  
 With Little Hair, and Little or no Band,  
 Declare how circulating Pestilences  
 Watch every Twenty Years, to snap Offences.  
*Saturn*, even now, takes Doctoral Degrees,  
 Hee'l do your work this Summer, without Fees.  
 Let all the Boxes, *Phæbus*, find thy Grace,  
 And, ah, preserve thy Eighteen-penny Place !  
 But for the Pit Confounders, let 'em go,  
 And find as little Mercy as they show :  
 The Actors thus and thus, thy Poets pray ;  
 For every Critick sav'd, thou damn'st a Play.

---